

## **Bran Van 3000**

### **"The Answer"**

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Jesus christ was a superstar  
A pimpin' big daddy with a lincoln town car  
Drove it real fast with the fly-ass hos  
Playing chicken with the devil for the greatest applause

First came the question  
And then came the answer  
And then came the ultimate question:  
Are you happy?  
Then the messiah, alright  
Lost and found with the resurrection  
And with tools of deep precision  
With the schools of thought complexion  
Teaching us the brain expansion  
It got heavy, we started dancing

Bran van three grand  
We don't have to make it  
Complicated  
Act like a man, boy  
We don't have to make it  
Complicated

I said come comma comma comma some more  
Kick up the club floor, that's what ya came for  
Leave your big booty round at my front porch  
And leave your big ugly frown back out the back door  
Forget your big plans, your high ideals  
'cause it's a quicksand for the way you feel  
When they put you down the river and they leave you  
squeal  
Come on, squeal like a pig how the summer girl feels

We're leaving, leaving our machine this very evening  
They're programming your head  
So stop believing  
No need to complicate, it's all illusion  
Anyways, I feel the machine's got boring

Bran van three grand  
We don't have to make it  
Complicated

Act like a man, boy  
We don't have to make it  
Complicated

Hey charlton heston  
Moses did alright without a handgun  
If you're horny for God let dizzy give some

I'm dizzy d, no one the finer  
The queen and king, from here to china  
All the ladies love to give me the boom boom boom  
boom  
Back to my room where it's hurry hurry hurry and wait  
A bottle of crisp and a pasta plate  
Kick up the love baby, down the hate  
'cause the bran van brothers do not complicate  
Say hurry hurry hurry rush  
You're moving so fast that you're out of touch  
Money money money got your head in a mush  
Now bush has got the button, is he gonna push?  
Well, some little joker got a dot-com deal  
About internet wiggers and keepin' it real  
You're sweatin' like a fool to put the gravy on your meal  
And now you just found out you lost your sex appeal

Bran van three grand  
We don't have to make it  
Complicated  
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The answer...  
(can you take me higher? )  
...is in the dancer.

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